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Zion's Herald.

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SONNETS.

BY REV. ANTHONY J. LOCKHART.

I Frost Work.

(As seen Feb. 25, 1885.)

With wannest smile, from chilliest night, the morn
Arising, brings white veil from darkness
Rifed, and over her chaste features worn,
Until the tardy sun his face doth clear.
Behold! what maze of fairydom is here?
There's not an elm that springs its shaft aloft,
But gives of winter's stateliest beauty proof;
All trees as branching corals now appear.
I stand, with eye intent, and wistful ear,
Where Silence lays her finger, as if soon
Quaint bugles blown from Elfin-land to
hear;
But lo! the magic scatters—the pure bon
Is quickly gone; each tall tree's powdery
Crown
Does 'mid th' applause stillness tremble
down!

II Vacation.

Home, when the cycle of our toil is o'er—
When we have reaped, or sown the fruitful
seed,
Then bid the laborer release, and speed
His longing spirit toward his native shore.
Home! hark serene, below'd forevermore,
Above all star-borne summits shining free;
Home! idle unwe'd, beyond a sunset sea,
Toward which you silver'd sail's enchantment
bore;
If I could reach thee, in thy far-off realm,
And find thee, with the group, so radiant
fair,
Of friends and fancies, that adorned my
youth,
I should not fear the waves that overwhelm
The voyager, eager to be once more there,
Pitching o'er glancing seas a snowy
boath.

III My Place.

(To B. W. L.)

If in the spacious kingdom of thy thought,—
Where dwell the empires and degrees,
And stately words on royal embassies
In rich attire move on; to which are
brought
The wealth of realms where dark and dim are
gates;
From which the fowl and indistinct depart;
And where the smiling gent of the heart
Draw fairy circles—haunt each secret
spot—
And on Hope's hill-top every gala night
Kindle their sprightly beacons, twinkling
high,—
I may have privilege and friendly grace,
Then let it be where dreit walls are bright
On autumn eves—a chirping cricket night,
While pensive silence broods around the
place.

APRIL SUNSHINE IN SARATOGA.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

It is hard to decide at what season
Saratoga is most beautiful. The
great crowds know it only in sum-
mer, when in its fashionable frivolity
it is peerless; but when, also, there
are serene and lovely attractions rich
and rare in their variety for those in
whom religion and refinement are
happily blended. These appreciate
its romantic surroundings; they de-
light in the delicious poetical charm
of its avenues and of Congress Park
in the early morning; their footsteps
love to linger in the pathways shad-
owed by the whispering pines; they
here annually renew countless friend-
ly associations. A few weeks ago,
Saratoga seemed reluctant to lay
aside the pure white raiment which
in winter gives her a spotless bridal
splendor. The boughs of the pines
still bent gracefully beneath their
fleecey adornments, and the surround-
ing mountains glowed like jewels.
Now

Has fled the laughing vale with welcome
flowers;
and with the sunshine of April smiles
on her face, Saratoga seems more
beautiful than ever. To be sure, the
leaves of the trees are only bursting
from the buds, and the grass of the
lawns is delicate and timid; but the
shrinking loveliness of the early sea-
son is most charming, and, like the
beauty of a pure young maiden, is
all the more winning for its promise
of future perfection of outlines and
color. For lovers of the earth and
sky, such days as we have recently
been having are among the most de-
lightful of the whole year.

"The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored
wings
Glance quick in the bright sun that moves
along
The forest openings.

"Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fall till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed."

The great hotels are not yet open;
but the streets are lively, and a so-
cial throng surrounds Hathorn Spring
morning after morning, for a Meth-
odist Conference is in session, and
for once a good many of the minis-
ters have brought their wives. For
the first time in its history Troy Con-
ference pays its board, the money
having been raised by an apportion-
ment that falls lightly on the various
charges. The plan has worked well,
and is likely to be tried again in no
very remote future, though an invita-
tion to go to Pittsfield next year on
the old plan has been accepted. At
the Drs. Strong's there are over fifty
members of the Conference, several
of whom are accompanied by their
wives, besides the official visitors;
and this most attractive of retreats
has seemed more home-like, more
joy-giving, and more religious than
ever. Here is Bishop Bowman, as
venerable in aspect as he is youthful
in disposition, as unassuming as a
child, as lithe as a boy, as saintly as
the beloved disciple, as full of good
stories as Gilbert Haven, and as
apostolic in his earnestness as Bishop
James. Here are Drs. Hartzell and
Reid and Whitney, and here is Dr.
Curry, younger than ever, a snow-
crowned monarch of men, a great,
broad-browed, genial, intellectual
giant, a fearless leader in the realms
of theological thought, with splendid
capacities of fight still in him, and
as tender-hearted and as generous as
all great soldiers are. Another young
man here is Dr. Crooks, whose en-
thusiastic vigor surprised and electrified
the Conference. It is many
years since he was a professor at
Dickinson College, and the long in-
terval has been crowded with multi-
farious and fruitful literary labors,
and he wears gracefully the crown
of honor which befits age, but it di-
gnifies the young man's glory, which
is strength. Dr. Vincent, our great
Sunday-school bishop, is another of
the Drs. Strong's guests. At the an-
niversary he fairly excelled himself,
and by his lecture he won great ad-
miration for that ideal character,
"Our Minister."

Bishop Walden, also, has paid us
a most welcome visit, winning a
multitude of hearts by his cordial
and magnetic social disposition, and
adding to the interest of the mission-
ary anniversary by an excellent ad-
dress. The Conference sermon, on Sun-
day afternoon, was preached by E.
Wentworth, D. D., who in his youth
was intimately associated with Bishop
Bowman at Cazenovia, and it was a
characteristic effort, abounding in
brilliant passages. One of the most notable anniver-
saries of the session was that of the
Woman's Home Missionary Society,
at which a very unique and remark-
able address was delivered by Mrs.
Jennie F. Willing. This society ex-
istently has a great career to fulfill.
It is taking very strong hold of the
interest and the affections of many of
the leading women within our Con-
ference bounds, and numerous auxil-
iaries have already been organized. The
Troy Conference Branch has as-
sumed the work of building a model
home at Greensboro', North Carolina.
Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler gave a very
interesting address at the anniversary
of the Woman's Foreign Missionary
Society, narrating the thrilling expe-
riences of her recent visit to India.
Syracuse University has been very
ably represented by Prof. Coddington.

Most of our leading appointments
change their pastors this spring. Some
of the most prominent arrange-
ments are so well understood by this
time that it will not be rash to men-
tion them. Rev. H. A. Starks suc-
ceeds Rev. J. H. Colman at the Hud-
son Avenue Church, Albany; Bro.
Colman going to the First Church,
Gloversville. Rev. G. W. Brown
leaves Saratoga for Grace Church,
Albany, and is succeeded by Dr. S.
V. Leech, whom he succeeds. Dr.
E. McChesney will be followed at
State St. Church, Troy, by Rev. J.
E. C. Sawyer, whose successor at

Pittsburgh is Rev. Chas. Reynolds.
Dr. Henry Graham returns to North
Second St. Church, Troy, after an
interval of three years spent in the
pastorate of the First Church, Glov-
ersville. Rev. H. C. Farrar goes
to Washington St. Church, West
Troy. Rev. T. C. Potter to Benning-
ton, Rev. W. W. Foster, jr., to St.
Luke's Church, Albany. Rev. Geo.
Skene will be transferred to the New
England Conference for Trinity
Church, Springfield, and is to be suc-
ceeded at Pittsfield by Rev. C. D.
Hills, transferred to us from the same
Conference. Drs. E. McChesney and
J. W. Eaton are to spend the year in
Europe. Only one change will take
place in the presiding-eldership: Rev.
J. H. Bond retires from the Plat-
tburgh district after four years of ar-
duous and very successful adminis-
tration, and the vacancy will be filled
by Rev. A. D. Heart. The Conference
session is a notably pleasant one in
every particular, and thus enhances
the sweetness of the April sunshine.

The development of the attractive
resources of Saratoga within recent
years is very remarkable. It is des-
tined to be a great winter resort. Its
toboggan slide drew many visitors
last winter. Next winter several
more are to be constructed, and the
holding of a winter carnival, similar
to that which has taken place at Mon-
treal for two or three years past, is
proposed. The winter atmosphere of
Saratoga is as dry and pure and brack-
ing as that of the Adirondacks, while
the village is so situated as to be shel-
tered from rough winds. In anticipa-
tion of the increased number of visit-
ors which the next winter will bring,
the Drs. Strong have been putting
steam into forty additional rooms of
their great Sanatorium. Many who
have in the past gone to Montreal to
get an exhilarating taste of winter
sports, will in the future not go so far,
and will fare better.

Saratoga Springs, April 27.

THE HYMNS AND THE PULPIT.

BY REV. CHAS. ADAMS, D. D.

What is gained in public worship
in withholding, by the minister, the
reading of the hymns? They merely
announce the number, or the
page, without reading. Is not the
hymn fit to be read? Do you
say that the congregation will hear
and understand as the singing pro-
ceeds? How do you know that? Do
you say that all the people have their
hymn-books? And how do you know
that? If you say that all having
books can read the hymn as well as
the minister, how do you know that?
Do you say that the hymns are de-
signed to be sung rather than to be
read? How do you know that? Do
you say that to omit the reading
seems, at times, more decorous or
smart? How do you know that? Do
you say that the omission is becoming
more fashionable with some of the
best ministers? How do you know
that? Do you say that the reading
of the closing hymn especially is less
necessary? And how do you know
that? Is the reading of the hymn in
public worship a means of grace, or
not? If not, why has it been so ex-
tensively practiced, and scarcely ever
omitted until late?

And now, after indulging a few in-
quiries as above, I assume the lib-
erty to express a decided disapproval
of the omission alluded to. In my judg-
ment, such omission is a glaring fault
in the worship of our Sabbath assem-
blies. Who is not aware that a sac-
red hymn, read properly and devout-
ly, has been to an attentive congrega-
tion a word in season—a sermon it-
self—a word "fitly spoken," a mes-
sage of grace to some hungry spir-
it? Who has failed to realize that a
single verse of a hymn breathed forth
from the sacred lips of a godly min-
ister, has proved a "nail fastened in a
sure place"—has aroused some holy
upspringing of the soul such as will
never die? At the moment of this
writing, I am, in spirit, listening to
a beautiful reading of a certain beau-
tiful hymn, the notes whereof seem
whispering across the interval of
threescore years. The old meeting-
house and the pulpit whence I first
heard those words, and the minister
whose reading was to me, that day,
an inspiration, have, long since,
passed away. Not so that hymn and
that reading. All along this multitude

of years, those sacred echoes have
been following me, while in many a
solitary walk have I paused to listen,
and to essay some feeble imitation of
a music that has never ceased to
charm and bless me.

Ah! that poor slave was correct. I
never knew where in the far South he
lived and toiled and prayed. But he
was possessed with a philosophy far
more excellent and profound than
many a learned circle ever thought of:
"I must go early to church; for I
know not when, or where, or how, the
blessing will come in—whether it
will be with the invocation, the read-
ing of the first or second hymn, the
singing, the prayer, the sermon,
the doxology, or the benediction. I
must catch them all, so as to make
sure." Thanks to my dear old broth-
er in bonds for that one lesson of
heavenly wisdom! And shall I ever
forget the Sabbath morning of a year
or two ago, when the minister read
out to the audience that stanza of
Pierpont:—

"From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there."

Alas! for the omission in the
public worship to which I am allud-
ing! Better than such omission, a
hundred times better, that the min-
ister should line the hymns after the
fashion of the olden time, than that
he should not read them at all.

Slight and brief, indeed, is the lit-
urgy provided for our solemn assem-
blies. We have the hymn readings
and the Scripture lessons, the whole
occupying but a small portion of the
hour of public worship. It seems
pitiful, as well as unnecessary and
damaging, that the liturgy, already
so brief, should be further abbrevi-
ated by dispensing, either wholly or in
part, with the hymns of the church
in the pulpit ministrations.

NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

Much has been said and written on
the subject of Bishop Taylor's scheme
of belting Africa with missionaries,
and leaving the men to provide for
their own support in the work. To
some minds it looks like indifference
to the physical necessities of the men.
Yet others will refer to the apostles
of our Lord, who went forth without
purse or scrip, and their mission was
not a failure. Some of the men are
now in the field, at work; are they
finding support, or are they in want
of the "food that perisheth"? The
experiment is not a new one, and the
experience of one mission in England
may be worth considering at the
present time, as other missions, and
on a large scale, may yet be organ-
ized for neglected parts of heathen-
dom.

About thirty years ago, a godly
Methodist, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor,
heard a cry from China which long
rang in his ears, saying, "Come
over and help us." He yielded to
the cry, and though alone, went to
China in 1854, to survey the land,
and ascertain its necessities and con-
dition. What he saw deeply im-
pressed his mind, but how to grapple
with a land so vast in extent, and
without the Gospel, excepting on the
sea-coast, was a problem which took
much time to solve. For ten or
twelve years he was using his tongue
and pen on behalf of China, the in-
terior of which was in all religious
matters in the midnight darkness of
heathenism. He resolved to try what
could be done, so started again in
1866 with Mrs. Taylor as a female
missionary. He had planted one
missionary there in 1862 with satis-
factory results, and in 1866 he found
six other helpers beside himself and
wife, and with that effort began the
China Inland Mission. At that time
there were only one hundred Protest-
ant missionaries in all that vast re-
gion, and they in seaport towns.
He laid down these simple rules for
guidance: 1. Not in any way to
interfere with existing missions; 2.
There should be no personal solici-
tation for money, but that which was
sent in freely and voluntarily should
be used faithfully and economically; 3.
There was to be no guarantee of
income to any of the missionaries;
they were to go trusting that He in
whose name they went, would take
care of them; 4. There was to be no
restriction in the denomination of

those sent out, but that Churchmen,
Methodists, Congregationalists and
Baptists, all alike, should enter the
work simply to preach Christ, and
salvation through faith in Him.

These terms commended themselves
to some large-souled Christians in
each of the denominations named.
Some offered for service, and some
gave money. The second year the
sum of \$10,000 was sent in for car-
rying on the work. The third year
it was increased to \$15,000, all from
volunteers. Each year since the
work began, educated and respect-
able young men and women have
offered their services, and after care-
ful examination as to gifts and qual-
ifications, nearly all have been ac-
cepted. In 1875 it was deemed ex-
pedient to commence a monthly mag-
azine entitled, *China's Millions*, at
one penny, in which is recorded some
of the most interesting details of prog-
ress in mission work ever given to
the world. The facts there furnished
have told their own tale to the read-
ers, and have pleaded the cause so
effectually that last year the volun-
tary income was \$90,000, without
sermons or lectures with appeals for
money.

The present year (1885) was com-
menced with greater demands on the
funds than ever, but during January
the sum of \$15,000 was received at
the office, the reward of faith, and
the acknowledgment of good earnest
work done for God in benighted
China. Since then, the work has
received a greater impulse than it has
ever had. Mr. Hudson Taylor
started for China on Jan. 20, this
year, for the sixth time, taking with
him more missionaries; others fol-
lowed him the week after, but since
his departure the work has had an-
other start in a marvelous and unex-
pected way. Several undergraduates
from the Cambridge University, who
had taken their degrees, men of cul-
ture, piety and position, offered their
services; besides these, two young
gentlemen, lately converted, who had
been in the army, resolved to become
missionaries. Two of the Cambridge
men were known all over the land,
one of them the most accomplished
batman in the cricket field, the other
a leading oarsman in the University
boat race. Many regretted that two
such distinguished favorites should
give up their bright prospects in the
church for mission work; but their
minds were made up. Before they
went, they attended a series of meet-
ings in various large towns to relate
their Christian experience, and to
speak on behalf of the mission upon
which they had entered. At every
place they visited, a feeling of holy
enthusiasm pervaded the meeting.
At the Edinburgh University, profes-
sors and gentlemen of every class at-
tended to hear them speak, and the
power of God was so manifestly pre-
sent, a glorious revival has since
broken out, and young colleagues are
giving themselves to God and His
service, and not a few will probably
enter the mission field after complet-
ing their college course. Next they
went to Cambridge, the Alma Mater
of five of the young missionaries.
The whole city was moved, and the
largest hall was crowded to hear them
tell the tale of their conversion, and
devotion to the China mission. Next
night they had a similar meeting at
the Oxford University. Hundreds
of young colleagues were there, and
never were young hearts so greatly
moved God-wards. All three of the
universities have caught the mission-
ary fire, and it will burn and burn,
till many more give themselves to
God. The climax was not reached;
on the third night in succession they
attended another meeting, one which
will never be forgotten. The Y. M.
C. A. invited them to speak in Exe-
ter Hall, which was crowded—
packed—with earnest young men
and women. Then the lower hall
was filled by those excluded, and still
many could not gain admission. All
this was to see the young colleagues,
converts, giving themselves unre-
servedly to the mission cause. A
holy enthusiasm pervaded both meet-
ings, and the report of the proceed-
ings has been circulated by tens of
thousands.

The day following that gathering,
these earnest young men started for
China, where they have just arrived.
Not for gain have they gone—that
they have left behind them—but

for the Gospel, that they may carry
it to the benighted Chinese. These
men have no guarantee of stipends;
they have gone forth trusting in God
to guide and provide for them—and
they will succeed. Already there
are about 160 missionaries engaged
in this work, and their reports show
that God is crowning their efforts
with great success. Such results,
there is reason to believe, will attend
the labors of those men sent out into
the heart of Africa by Bishop Tay-
lor. If these two missions succeed—
and we believe they will—there is
reason to hope that scores of self-sup-
porting missions will follow, and if
Christian young men of culture will
give themselves to this work, the dif-
ficulty of missions to the heathen
will be in a fair way of being solved,
going out trusting in God, and in the
people among whom they may be
sent.

LETTER FROM NORWAY.

BY MARSHALL LIVINGSTON PERLIN.

II.

The little steamer is sailing down the
fjord. Every one knows how desultory
undertakings on a boat are. I have been
watching the peculiar white light which
surrounds the sun here before it sets,
and continues above the sun some length
of time after. This broad circle of
brilliant whitish light merges upon the
horizon into a peculiar pale yellow. The
natives do not like this yellow, and call
it a sickly jaundice yellow. Along the
banks I see birch trees apparently culti-
vated, as indeed they are in a measure.
All around the country one sees the
birch branches hung up and dried upon
poles and fence-like arrangements, in
the same manner as the hay; for these
dried birch leaves place out the hay and
largely make up the winter food for the
cattle and horses. I have said before
that the margin of cultivation in Nor-
way is very low. Taking an average of
the whole country, only one-tenth of the
ground is cultivable; and if, according
to Prof. Forbes, we exclude the lower
regions near Christiania, Christians-
sand and Trondheim, the ratio of arable
land to the entire area of Norway would
not exceed one to one hundred.

The almost perpendicular rock before
me, walling in the fjord, is about three
thousand feet high; and yet upon a tri-
angle almost inaccessible ledge, two-thirds
of the way up, are two cabins! Recent-
ly we saw in Aurland fjord a cabin very
high and hard to reach, where the peo-
ple ingeniously use the water-power of a
small fall near by, to draw up all their
provisions and goods on a wire. This
reverses the process one sees all over
Norway, of sending down the hay in
bundles upon wires. From tremendous
heights, to which only experts can clam-
ber, every square foot of grass is cut
and carefully saved. It is no mere
story that at some of these cabins which
one must look straight up in the air to
see, and can hardly find, the children
are tied to the doorposts to keep them
from tumbling over the precipice; and
that the dead can be brought down only
by being tied to the back of a brother or
father. Willey House calamities are no
unfamiliar disasters. In Aurland fjord
are roofs of houses just protruding
through debris. Last winter fearful av-
alanches in Lærdal killed many people.
Remains of landslides and avalanches
are features in the landscapes more com-
mon than even waterfalls and glaciers.
They are everywhere. The rocks which
fall are sometimes enormous. One
which had fallen on the railroad line be-
tween Bergen and Voss had to be tun-
neled through. It was quite impossible
to get it out of the way, or to go around
it. A few weeks ago the walls of Naero
fjord echoed to a crash, as a rock split
off and fell thousands of feet into the
fjord, leaving a bright scar five or six
hundred feet across. These phenomena
occur, of course, mostly in the frosty
seasons; but while we were at Olde a
little boy's arm and leg were broken by
a rock which the mountain flung at him.
It is no mere story that in the weary,
dreary winter days, or rather nights,
these people in these isolated homes be-
come gradually mad with fear and lone-
liness, and are taken kindly to Bergen to
asylums. Family jars must be terribly
serious troubles when one can do no
change of scene and acquaintances, to
relieve one's feelings and turn one's
thoughts. One can only brood, and be
lonelier than if quite alone. Like Rus-
sian convicts, it is no wonder that they
cannot stand it long.

About this insanity. I have seen sev-
eral cases, and there; from what
causes, I have not always inquired.
Hard lines, improper food, and lack of
cleanly habits have generally a good
hand in it. The unfortunate are con-
ducted gently by friends with the same
complacency which marks Norwegian
behavior, and with the same tenderness
which characterizes their treatment of
helpless animals. It is possible that no
other country, in proportion to its in-
habitants and property, takes so much
care of its unfortunates—hospitals for
the sick, for the insane, for the old, for
the crippled, for orphans, and for the
unusually large number of unlawful
offspring who cannot be supported by
the parent. Leprosy still lives in Nor-
way and Sweden, and is here a heredi-
tary disease. There are three hospitals
—in Bergen, Molde and Trondheim—
containing fifteen hundred patients, a
decided reduction within twenty years.
The disease seems to me to have a drier,
and, naturally, a whiter appearance than
among the Chinese in San Francisco.
Emigration is doing a great deal toward
alleviating the distresses of this over-
stocked and overworked people.
Although sailing through grand scenery,
my pencil has been filling in the
shades in the picture. Well! These
narrow fjords and walls, which look so
grandly and majestically upon the tour-
ist in the bright, rainless midsummer,
can frown sometimes a chilly frown
which pierces the very marrow. Just
go down the Geiranger fjord on a rainy
day, late in the season! Rainy means
cold in Norway; for all things become
quickly cold when the sun hides his
face. Rainy means sleet on the walls
of the fjords, and heavy clouds over
all, closing in the cold fjord and its
bleak wet walls of eternal rock into a
clammy prison. Yes! Norway can
scoowl.
And now to another universal vice—
intemperance. Here is positively a re-
lief in lights. The Norwagian does not
try to solace himself in distress with
rum. Owing to comparatively recent
laws, the consumption of liquor (raw
spirits) has been reduced from fifty-six
pints per head in 1833, to nine pints in
1873! Since 1873 the average consump-
tion is said to have been brought very
much lower, owing to new amendments;
the exact figures I do not know. And
now what are these laws? Without cir-
cumstantial details, the whole traffic is
a monopoly in the hands of a company
chartered by the government. But what
a monopoly! This company is bound
to pay over the whole of the profits to
the government or municipality. It is
paid its expenses and five per cent. inter-
est upon the capital used, and nothing
more. The actual sellers of spirits and
drinks, the shopkeepers, are mere ser-
vants of the company, and derive no
profit from the sale. In money-making
America, is not the greed of the rum-
seller and the distiller the secret of our
misery? In tones of thunder let it be
flung again and again into their ears;
for in tones of thunder the curses shall
fall. There is positively no inducement
to sell liquor here. In the result
there is a tremendous temperance ser-
mon.

The sale of spirits is entirely prohibi-
titioned. Every one, man and woman,
rich and poor, uses more or less of
beer at dinner, off and on a little wine,
and sometimes a glass of aquavit. They
say it is wholesome, and treat it quite
as a matter of food and drink. They
say grace before the meal, and after it
also. They do not seem to know of its
being considered a sin, and are aston-
ished at the idea of not drinking such
things at all. In the country districts
where it is impossible to get spirits,
every other shop announces the sale of
beer and wines for anybody whose
pockets can afford it. Beer is very
cheap; but the sale of beer and wines
is under the same control also. The
price list is regulated by law, and the
sellers make no money. I repeat it.
There is the secret! The drunkard at
home is not urged on at first by a wish
to get drunk, nor later by a desire to be
ruined. Willing, ay, longing to re-
form, he puts himself, or is brought,
into the way of temptation, and is over-
persuaded by the wiles of the selfish
seller—the salt scraps of the free lunch.
The selfish greed of others is at the
bottom of his ruin; for what pleasure
could it bring to besot a fellowman, if
self is not at the bottom of it? And
further, knowing the ruin which the
selfishness of others is bringing him to,
his own self-pride in company leads him
at once into the cursing mistake and
folly of treating. This infamous cus-
tom, peculiar to America, is never heard
of in Norway. One would as soon ex-
pect a gift of a half-peck of potatoes.
Norwegians have learned self-control
in many things; but their extreme tem-
perance in drinking is simply astonish-
ing.
(Continued on page 8.)

Miscellaneous.

OUR SCHOOLS IN THE SOUTH.

BY REV. J. C. HARTZELL, D. D.

A CRISIS.

A crisis of very grave importance has been reached in our Southern educational work. Year by year the work has advanced in the number and efficiency of its institutions; and each year the receipts in money from the church have also increased.

But the increase in the yearly contributions of the church has not kept pace with the constantly growing demands of the work.

The Freedmen's Aid Society, which has this important work in charge, is confronted with facts which awakened the gravest apprehension. It finds itself expected, by the church, to buy lands, build buildings, and employ teachers for the equipment of institutions of Christian learning, to meet the pressing demands of nearly one-fourth of the entire Methodist Episcopal Church. And the gravity of the situation is increased by the fact that a very large proportion of these multitudes of our Zion in the South, among both white and colored people, are both poor and ignorant themselves, and are surrounded by the results of generations of poverty and ignorance in multitudes of others.

TO WHAT OUR SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL WORK HAS GROWN.

"I never before realized the importance and magnitude of this work," said a pastor, after listening to an address upon it. He had not studied the subject. Too many of our pastors and people have not given proper thought to this matter, either from lack of time or inclination. In no department of church effort have the evidences of God's superintending providence been more manifest than in the organization and growth of this educational work. It began immediately after the war, among the colored people, chiefly by influences from without, and among the white people through their own efforts and liberality, even in the midst of their poverty.

Our schools among the freedmen have grown in number and improved in character until we now have twenty-one of them, with 106 teachers and 3,623 young men and women in attendance, a large proportion of whom are studying to be preachers and teachers. These schools have, of necessity, been almost wholly supported by the Freedmen's Aid Society.

On the other hand, a development no less remarkable has gone forward among our Southern white people. In the midst of their poverty, with but little aid from the general church, they have laid the foundations of what have grown to be eighteen institutions, in which are eighty-six teachers, and over two thousand young men and women. From these young, and as a rule, poorly equipped, institutions, have gone out, during the past fifteen years, more than one thousand to preach and teach, who for longer or shorter periods have been students. The beginning and growth of these schools were so manifestly of God, and the demands for their enlargement were so clearly providential, and the people themselves being greatly in need of help, the General Conferences of 1880 and 1884, without changing the name of our Society, directed that this work should be helped as our funds would justify, in addition to meeting the wants of the work already in hand. The action taken was that the "entire educational work in the Southern States should be under the direction of one Society," and that the Freedmen's Aid Society should "have full charge of this work in that section."

Here, then, is a summary of the work this Society is expected to maintain and develop, in a section of our country where the greatest masses of our ignorant and poor people dwell: Thirty-nine institutions, with 192 teachers, and nearly 6,000 young men and women as students, nearly all of whom come from homes smitten with generations of poverty and ignorance, and who are struggling by their own efforts to meet the call of God within them, to prepare for lives of usefulness.

ONLY A FEW FOUNDATION STONES.

Remarkable as has been this development and these results, they are only a beginning—a few foundation stones placed here and there on which to build for the future.

The South has now one-third of the nation's population. That proportion will continue, if not increase. The star indicating the center of the nation's population, now rests south of the Ohio River. The forces, intellectual and moral, which educate and elevate the millions of our illiterate and poor in the South, will, in proportion to their numbers and efficiency, do more for the future good of America's millions than those operating anywhere else. To this correct conclusion came one of our noble benefactors after traveling at home and abroad and studying every phase of benevolent church work. He began by giving \$27,000, and will more than double that.

THE RELATION OF THIS WORK TO THE M. E. CHURCH IN THE SOUTH.

Consider how this educational work is related to the M. E. Church in the South. Twenty years ago, on what was slave territory, we had only a small membership along the border, but now in that same section are found nearly one-fourth of our entire membership. In that time nearly 4,000 new church edifices have been erected. The increase in membership has been over 350,000. This growth has been about equally divided between the Anglo and Afro-Americans, showing that our Methodist preaches the Gospel alike to all. Our membership in the South now numbers 420,000, which represents a population of 2,000,000. What will be its numbers in another generation? In the past twenty years the increase has been eight-fold! With less than one-

fourth the same rate of increase, another generation will give the M. E. Church 1,000,000 members and a population of 5,000,000 souls in the sixteen Southern States!

Whence are to come the ministers for the pulpits, the Christian teachers for the schools, the Christian men and women to lead in the home, industrial, and professional lives among these masses? They must come largely, and in many parts of the South almost wholly, from our own Christian schools. Not to furnish these leaders is to signify fall in our mission as a division of Christ's army.

FRATERNITY.

One of these problems is the development of an intelligent and lasting fraternity between the sections North and South. A beginning has been made under the lead of Christian men of both sections; but it is only a beginning. Much is said about the "results of the war" passing away. These are nearly all gone. The mistake is in classifying, under the results of the war, questions which that event scarcely touched, and of which it was itself one of the effects. The conflict of arms was indeed only an inevitable incident to a much greater and more terrific conflict in sentiment and conviction between the sections. To pacify the waves made by a passing storm on the face of the ocean, does not calm the surging currents in the depths below. So the animosities and bitterness caused by the conflict of arms, may be regarded as past, but the surging currents of beliefs and prejudices, of which that conflict was only an incident, largely remain. To expect that secular statesmanship, business and social life will so modify as to harmonize these, is to forget how helpless they were in preventing the war. It was when the Christian forces of this nation divided, some in anger and some with a friendly grasp of the hand, that national unity ended; and it will only be when these same forces are again one in heart, and purpose, and effort, that the nation will be one again in fact.

How shall this be? God has all these years since Appomattox indicated the place where that unity must be first firmly rooted. That place is the South, where for generations the whole nation consented to slavery and its dreadful results among both white and colored people. He indicates with equal distinctness the work to be done. It is warfare against a common foe—sin and its consequences—that welds Christian hearts and makes them one. Behold the field! Millions of negroes and white people unable to read or write, and in the bonds of prejudice, and superstition, and sin, as heavy as bind millions of other lands for whom we pray and labor. Hear the voice of God, O cultured millions of the South, and you of the North, and hearing, obey! Let the generations of injustice to the negro and of neglect of other poor and needy ones in the South, be matched by at least as many years of sublime faith and effort to redeem them. Something has been done, but the magnitude of the work and its appalling aspects do not yet burden and alarm the American Church.

When they do, then national fraternity, resting upon an American Church, unified in sublime faith and effort, will be a fact, and not a hope.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

Glance a moment at the negro problem, every day intensifying in interest and danger. It is a national problem, for only the whole nation can solve it, and if not solved, the whole nation must suffer in the awful calamities to follow. Seven millions of negroes! Every eighth person in the republic a negro! And increasing proportionately more rapidly by births alone than the whites are by births and immigration. In two generations there will be fifty millions of negroes under the flag. But this is more a Southern than a national question. Six and a half millions, or twelve-thirteenths of these people, are in the South. There, where for generations they were slaves, and are yet regarded as an alien mental race, their characters as Christians and citizens must be fixed and their relations to their white neighbors established; and to add, if possible, yet greater intensity to the elements of this problem, the millions of negroes in the South are gravitating into certain centres. Already there are three States, and in fifteen years there will be eight States in which the negroes will outnumber the whites. Eight black republics in our commonwealth of States! How poorly these masses are prepared for such responsibility! How tardily the church and nation rise to the magnitude of the work of preparing them for those responsibilities!

But this negro problem has a yet more difficult factor than numbers, or ignorance, or poverty, and that is the factor of race antagonism. How calmly the nation sits over the fires of this volcano! When the negroes outnumber the whites in these eight States, and are more advanced in the elements of aggressive manhood, will they be accorded the full rights and fruits of their citizenship without a conflict? What lessons have come to us on this point since the war, and what are the facts to-day in some of the States? Nothing but the speedy application of every phase and element of Christian endeavor among both races, together with the best methods which can be devised by the States and the nation for general and Christian education, can prevent the most serious conflicts of races in the near future. Happy will we be if they can be prevented at all! Here again in the forefront, more important than all other forces, stands the Christian Church and the Christian school.

OUR NATIONAL STORM CLOUD.

One other great fact must be named, because it complicates and intensifies every part of each problem mentioned, and that is the wide-spread and appalling illiteracy which is met everywhere in the South. The last census has made the facts familiar to the nation. The South has 5,000,000 of illiterates in a

population of 18,000,000. That means that thirty-six and one-half per cent. of her people cannot read or write. Nineteen per cent. of the whites and seventy-three of the colored people in the South cannot read or write. In the region where the eight black republics will soon be, nearly one-half the entire population cannot read, and in the same region twenty-five per cent. of the whites and seventy-eight per cent. of the colored are illiterate. If you take the voters you have this showing—out of 1,900,000 male adults, white and black, in the South, 867,000, or forty-five per cent., cannot read the ballots they cast. The school-house was the last thing that slavery could tolerate except for the favored few.

Here is our national storm-cloud! Only through the force of speedy Christian culture, we may escape the dangers it threatens.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

One may say, "The State must educate her illiterate masses." Another may add, "The question of the negro's future and his relations to the white man will solve itself if let alone." And others may ask, "Why so much responsibility upon the church?" And still again, "If the church has so much responsibility, cannot this be met better by the old Southern denominations on the ground?"

True, the State must educate her masses in public common schools; but the State must first believe that common schools for the masses are wise and necessary. The South, led by her churches of all denominations, did not believe in common schools for the masses, even for the whites, and made it a penal offense to educate the blacks. Now the South is coming to believe in the education of the masses.

The great responsibility of the church is, then, the correction wherever needed, the awakening and direction of public sentiment touching popular education and the negro. To do this, the church must have her own institutions. If she is to lead or direct the thought of the people, she must have thinkers and leaders who believe in her, and know her methods and are inspired by her spirit. It comes then to this—whatever is the duty of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the 2,000,000 of her own population in the South, and through them to the multiplied millions soon to be, that duty can only be met by laying well and strongly the foundations of her own institutions of Christian learning in that section.

FAITH AND BONE-SETTING.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

We are not "under the spell of religious fanaticism," nor are we "determined at all hazard to compel the Scriptures to support a favorite theory," nor is our "ire aroused," but our surprise is awakened that so excellent a scholar as Dr. Townsend should insist that Dr. Cullis is inconsistent because he does not attempt all that is included in Mark 16: 15-18 (though there are no "commuted thoughts" mentioned therein). The air of triumph with which this passage is twice quoted leads us to conclude that the erudite Doctor had forgotten that the highest critical scholarship of modern times regards the last twelve verses of Mark as not written by him, but as added by an unknown person, either because the end of that Gospel was lost, or was never written. This is the opinion of Meyer, Tischendorf, Gode, Alford, Plumptre in Elliott's New Testament, and many others, among whom are Wescott and Hort, whose text is the standard in the very university in which Dr. Townsend is a professor. Dr. Wardlaw, of Allegheny Theological Seminary, concludes an elaborate discussion of these verses with these words: "This passage is no part of the Word of God. The evidence will prove not only that Mark did not write it for this place, but also that he probably did not write it at all. We are not, then, to ascribe to these verses the authority due to God's Word." As Dr. J. W. Lindsay and the writer quite thoroughly discussed this question a few years ago in Zion's Herald, there is no call for a restatement of the grounds on which grave doubt, to say the least, rests upon these verses. No doctrine can be proven solely by any text found therein.

My reference to Webster for the meaning of "sick," instead of the Greek lexicon, is criticised as unscholarly, while my only reason for neglecting the Greek, which would have helped my argument, was the avoidance of seeming pedantry. The non-Greek reader may judge whether *asthenes* is the word that naturally suggests a broken leg. It is found thirty-six times in the New Testament, seventeen times rendered "sick," sixteen times "weak," twice "impotent," and once "diseased." It is never translated by "hurt," "wounded," "mangled," or "broken." The question is asked whether "Dr. Cullis should hesitate to enter a path in which a child [whose fractured arm was healed in answer to prayer] has walked?" It seems that the child's path was first to a skillful surgeon, then to the throne of heavenly grace for the speedy healing of his arm. This is the path Dr. Cullis has always walked in. He is not so fanatical as to ask God to do what a good surgeon can do. We believe that St. James would have done as Dr. Cullis does in such a case. Dr. Townsend's reference to the "young man whom Paul healed" is unintelligible to me. He healed a cripple in Lystra, but his age is not mentioned. He brought the young man "alive" who "was taken up dead in Troas." (See Meyer, Alford, Bengel, and Widdow.)

A more thorough acquaintance with Dr. Cullis' views and teachings with respect to the faith cure will remove many groundless prejudices and correct many misconceptions. While he teaches that healing is done instantly by God, he teaches that it requires a period of time to remove the effects of disease in

some cases. For instance, a person who has lost twenty-five pounds of flesh through disease of the nutritive function, if healed in an instant through the prayer of faith, does not in a moment regain his normal weight. That must come through the operation of natural law in the future weeks or months. If an internal tumor weighing ten pounds is healed, "the tumor does not leap out of the person and roll on the floor, but its subsidence, after God has touched its cause, is committed to the processes of physical law." These are his words. It is possible that the different modes of expression, "healed in that hour," and "healed from that hour," point to that fact that some of Christ's cures, while instantaneously wrought, required time in order to bring the subject into a completely normal state. (See Meyer on Matt. 9: 22.)

Such was the cure of a wealthy lady on Fifth Avenue in New York, who was given up by the best physicians of that city, of London and Paris. I have told her that a surgical operation would be speedy death, and that if left alone the tumor would cause a lingering death in the near future. She came to Dr. Cullis, a worldly and fashionable woman. He asked her if she was a Christian. She said, "No, I have been confirmed, but I was never saved from my sins." "Will you now receive Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour?" "I will," said she; "and that very moment He put a song in my heart that did not cease singing for many months." "From the day of my anointing for healing, that enormous ovarian tumor—as big as my husband's hat—began to decrease till in a few weeks it entirely disappeared." This woman, in the joy and gratitude of her heart for her double cure of soul and body, has established a midnight rescue mission in New York, and nightly leaves her princely palace and goes down into the slums to rescue the fallen and bring them to Christ. To classify such a cure in the name of the Lord Jesus with those wrought "by a negro woman by the application of oil taken from the tail of a black cat that had died with its throat cut," would be natural to a Robert Ingersoll, but quite unexpected from one set for the defense of the Gospel of Christ. Such language "makes the groundlings laugh, but the judicious grieve." The caution against putting too much confidence in the faith work of "professionals" would come with better grace from some one who had not poured contempt on faith-healing itself by ranting it with cat's tail oil, saints' relics, blue glass, etc.

The caveat against making an "ado" over holiness seems to insinuate an objection to the profession of that grace founded on the common infidel objection to Christianity itself—the moral downfall of one of its advocates. If Dr. T. means anything by keeping green the memory of an apostate of past generation, it is to emphasize the fallacious logic found in the *Maoid, ex uno disce omnes*—from one judge all. What State, or church, or creed, can stand against such logic? It is suggestive of B. F. Butler's question to a Harvard professor on the witness stand soon after the execution of Prof. Webster: "Didn't we hang one of you fellows the other day?"

It is now nearly twenty years since Dr. Cullis began that career of trust and Christian philanthropy which has filled Christendom with his fame. His name will shine in the roll-call of God's heroes of faith, begun in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It will be said of George Müller and Charles Cullis that they honored God's promises, proved His faithfulness, breasted the currents of unbelief in professed Christians, endured the reproaches of infidels, ministered to the orphan, cheered the laid-up of thousands of consumptives, issued a Christian literature, established schools for the freedmen, sent missionaries to India, Africa and China, healed many sick believers, and put to flight the armies of the skeptics. Has not such a man as Dr. Cullis earned the right to be treated with Christian respect? Ought not those who assume to sit in judgment on him, to show to themselves and the public sufficient respect by visiting him to ascertain his doctrines and his practices and to examine candidly the hundreds of cases of alleged healing?

Is it wise or Christian to assume at the start that Dr. Cullis is a humbug, and then to draw upon imagination or vague rumor for the facts, and after having shot wide of the mark, to say if anybody is misrepresented let him say so? The lecture-room of Dr. Townsend has been for more than fifteen years within three minutes' walk of Dr. Cullis, whom he might have consulted if he wished to avoid errors which lay burdens on his friends to correct, while they cumber the religious press with a needless discussion.

Of the Christian scientists I have no personal knowledge. For this reason I would not for my right hand say a word against them except as the result of thorough inquiry into their principles and methods.

LETTER FROM APPLETON, WIS.

Influenced by a desire to renew associations that have been interrupted for nearly twenty years, and wishing to visit this promising city bearing the name of one of Boston's distinguished citizens, I find myself here in season to welcome the first approach of spring, that brings to a close a long, severe winter, during which the thermometer has ranged from twenty to thirty-eight degrees below zero. Being a little aside from the ordinary routes of travel, Appleton is visited but little by the tourist, and is not as well known as are many cities of far less importance and attractiveness. Coming from Chicago by way of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Milwaukee Northern railroads, eight hours' ride brought me to Appleton, the near approach to which, in the early evening, was a delightful surprise, as from the train I first looked upon the clear, deep and swift-running water of

the Fox River and the surrounding bluffs on which the city is built, with their grassy slopes reaching to the water's edge.

Had I reached here a few weeks later, when these grassy slopes will have become carpets of green and the warm sun's rays shall have brought the beautiful shade trees to leaf and cleared the streets of all traces of winter's prolonged stay, my surprise and pleasure would surely have been much enhanced. From the bluffs, on which are many attractive residences, the city is laid out in squares, and with gas, water, electric lights, tidy dwellings, fine churches, substantial business blocks and school-houses, has the appearance of thrift and enterprise. But the two features of the location that impress me as of most promise, for the future of Appleton, and that will undoubtedly give it high rank among the cities of the Northwest, are the magnificent water power and the excellent agricultural district with which it is surrounded. The whole Fox Valley from Lake Winnebago south has an endless number of small lakes that serve as unfailing supply basins for the Fox River, which, when it reaches the bluffs of Appleton, comes tumbling down over dam after dam seventy rods wide, having a fall of 49 1/2 feet in a distance of one and one-fourth miles, and clear as crystal, affording a water power almost unlimited, and in one respect surpassing the best in the country, in that the supply is so regulated by the lakes above that the rise and fall never exceed three feet.

Capital has begun to appreciate the advantages of this location, and already I find here large paper, pulp, and flour mills, as well as many other manufacturing establishments. Three railroads and a fourth to come give ready access to market, and steps have already been taken to erect a cotton mill that can successfully compete with eastern mills in the western markets after they have paid freights both ways. The farming district about Appleton is very productive, and its crops both in quantity and quality are of the best. As these facts become known and appreciated by capitalists, the manufactures at this point will grow.

Having said so much of the Appleton of to-day, it would not be fitting for me to close this letter without referring to the circumstances attending its early settlement, about which are centered so much of devotion to the educational interests of our Methodist Church, and the noble, unsectarian philanthropy of two of Boston's well-known citizens. Through the courtesy of Rev. R. E. Smith, now an honored resident of Appleton, in his 81st year, I was enabled to gather many of these historical facts that seem to me of interest and worthy of a place in the HERALD, which has found its way to Mr. Smith's library for many years. Mr. Smith, formerly a member of the Genesee Conference, visited Boston in 1847 in the interest of the Wesleyan Seminary at Andover, Mich., and obtained from Amos A. Lawrence a pledge to give ten thousand dollars towards the founding of a literary institution in Wisconsin at some point on a tract of four thousand acres of land owned by him near Green Bay, provided an additional \$10,000 should be raised outside of Boston. Mr. Smith, having examined the tract, reported unfavorably to Mr. Lawrence, and strongly recommended the present site of Appleton. After several months' delay, Mr. Smith obtained a letter of credit from Mr. Lawrence to draw on him for the money needed to purchase the site recommended, and the first plat of Appleton was thus secured and deeded to Mr. Lawrence. Under date of August 14, 1847, Mr. Lawrence wrote to Mr. Smith that he had conveyed to certain trustees the sum of \$10,000 for the founding of the proposed institution, to be held by them until an additional \$10,000 should be secured for the same purpose.

The Methodist Conference then in session at Chicago approved the enterprise, and with Mr. Smith took such steps as finally met Mr. Lawrence's condition, and Lawrence University opened as a school in 1849, with sixty students. At about the same time Mr. Smith secured a \$10,000 endowment for the founding of a library from Sam'l. Appleton, esq., of Boston, in recognition of which the town was given his name. The library now consists of nearly twelve thousand select volumes, and the best of modern thought is added to its shelves yearly.

In 1852, under the presidency of Rev. Edward Cooke, D. D., the first college class was formed. Rev. Bradford P. Raymond, A. M., Ph. D., who is now serving the college for the second year as president, is well known as an able educator and as possessed of such marked executive ability as ensures most happy results for the institution. Dr. Raymond is a graduate of the University, class of 1870. The college class of 1884 numbered fifty-two, and the total attendance this term numbers one hundred and forty, and in the college class there is an increase of twenty-five per cent. The course and methods of instruction are modeled after the highest standards.

As to the influence of the University in shaping the lives and careers of the students, some idea can be gained by a few facts kindly given me by Dr. Raymond. A large number of the students are paying their own way, and at least twelve or thirteen are expecting to be ministers. Of the 276 graduates, 189 were professors of religion at time of graduation, and of the 180, forty have become ministers.

Lawrence University, like many of our educational institutions, has had its days of trial in its finances, but brighter days have dawned upon the institution, and the promise of the future in this direction is very encouraging. Nearly \$40,000 has been added to the endowment fund in the past eighteen months. Ground will soon be broken for a building to be devoted to the ladies' department, towards which \$150,000 has been secured and \$50,000 additional promised on conditions that will undoubtedly be met. The University

grounds comprise about eleven acres on the bluff, and slope down to the water's edge. The building is of stone, and from its charming views of the river and surrounding country are to be obtained.

The Methodist church at Appleton, under the pastorate of Rev. F. S. Stein, has a fine house of worship and a live membership of about 350; and though a stranger, I met so many kind greetings that my Easter Sunday was made very pleasant.

The educational advantages of the city are first-class, and churches of all denominations generally prosperous. The population seems to be a happy combination of Yankee and German thrift and industry, and in view of all the facts I have stated, I think I am justified in predicting for Appleton a steady growth to such a solid prosperity as has been attained by but few of the cities of the Northwest.

I must not trespass further upon your space, and would not have written so fully, had I not found that the city as well as the University originated in the need of Methodism and the philanthropy of Boston that has belted the globe.

April 9, 1885.

H. P. M.

Our Book Table.

We have received from the London publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, a copy of the English edition of A COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS, by Joseph Agar Beet. We noticed two or three weeks since, very appreciatively, the American edition of the "Epistle to the Romans" by the same author. Dr. James Morrison, himself a rare exponent of the New Testament Scriptures, says it is "a masterpiece of Biblical exposition." These volumes of Mr. Beet are not simply explanations of the terms found in the sacred text, but are verbal exegeses—a full and broad survey of the whole argument of the epistles and of the relation of the truths set forth to the other portions of the sacred writings. In many respects these exegetical interpretations and ample discussions of the epistles to the Romans, Corinthians and Galatians, are unsurpassed by any of the modern commentators upon these portions of the New Testament. No Biblical scholar will regret the adding of these volumes to his library.

METHODS AND PRINCIPLES IN BIBLE STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING, by Rev. A. E. Winslow. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co. 8vo, \$1.25. This thoughtful volume is the application of the familiar principles of mental philosophy to the study of the sacred record. It embraces the consideration of the laws of mental development, the art of thinking, of attention, of remembering, habit, imagination, emotion, belief, and the art of choosing. These topics are clearly and forcibly treated. It is a fine mental exercise for the teacher to study this volume, developing and quickening his own intellectual powers, and suggesting to him the best modes of reaching his youthful charge.

Baker & Taylor, of New York, publish a new edition of one of the best volumes ever written for young people attending schools and colleges, away from home. THE STUDENT'S MANUAL, by John Todd, D. D. We read it with great interest and profit in our college days, and can speak with much personal warmth of its great practical value—physically, intellectually and morally. It is an excellent volume to place in a young student's hands. \$1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publish QUEEN BESS; or, What's in a Name, by Marion Shaw. This is a story of to-day; of school and society life, of the natural cross purposes in an amiable heart, of misjudgment at last ending in a happy disappointment for the better, and the mating of two loving hearts. \$1.00. Boston: C. H. Whiting.

FRUIT CULTURE, AND THE LAYING OUT AND MANAGEMENT OF A COUNTRY HOME, by W. C. Strong. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo, \$1.00. Mr. Strong has for years been an intelligent student and cultivator of flowers, shrubs and fruit trees. He writes with a clear, practical knowledge of his subject. All the details of fruit cultivation, its propagation, and its defense from numerous foes, will be found in this concise, but sufficiently ample, manual for the amateur gardener and farmer.

Glenn, Heath & Co. publish Pestalozzi's LEONARD AND GERTRUDE; Translated and Abridged by Eva Channing. The original work is very diffuse and extended, oftentimes becoming monotonous and wearisome. A notable translator has improved the work by abridging it. It is a simple story of Swiss life, in which the great schoolmaster's manner of teaching and illustrating the moral and virtue of daily life, his mode of developing the humblest lives, and of laboring successfully for the uplifting of society, are portrayed. The translator has accomplished an excellent work in giving, in this attractive form, this beautiful and ardent and loving teacher's process with his pupils.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons we have THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK FOREST, by Grace Denio Litchfield. 16mo, 75 cents. Boston: C. H. Whiting. This story appeared as a serial in the Century. It is told in a very lively style. It recounts the serious adventures in Germany of two lively and quite susceptible American girls. Their love of frolic came near being tragical; but they finally escaped unscathed, humbler and wiser, it is to be hoped, by their audacious experience.

From James R. Osgood & Co. we have THE INVADERS, by Susan Anna Brown, ornamented small quarto, 50 cents. This handsome little manual contains a series of preparations of food and relishes for patients. These clear and practical directions will be a great aid to the home nurse in preparing delicate and suitable meals for the invalid.

From Robert Carter & Brothers we have an additional volume from the busy pen of Mr. Spurgeon, published in a uniform style with the beautiful set of great preacher's sermons lately issued from their press. It is entitled, MY SERMON NOTES: A Selection from Outlines of Discourses, Delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with Anecdotes and Illustrations, by C. H. Spurgeon. \$1.00. These sermons are quite full, and the illustrations, of course, are pertinent and happy. As suggestive of fresh lines of Biblical thought the volume will be serviceable to the young preacher, unless he indolently appropriate the preacher's outline to save himself the labor of thinking. Such a course is always baneful for the minister as well as immoral.

From the same House we have a volume of admirable sermons for children by William Wilberforce Newton. 16mo, \$1.25. It is entitled, GEAR HEART, and is founded upon a portion

of the inimitable allegory of Bunyan. Mr. Newton has followed his honored father's habit in his addresses to children. They are full of natural and apt illustrations, and will attract and impress childhood at the same time.

Ansion D. F. Randolph & Co. issue a volume of sermons by the popular pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. The volume is entitled, THE PATRIARCH IN THE MOUNT AND OTHER SERMONS. There are seventeen of them. They are very impressive and eloquent discourses. Their topics are eminently practical, Scriptural and spiritual. The treatment is fresh and original, and the sermons are full of interest and conviction in their reading which attended their delivery by this earnest pastor. \$1.25.

DEAN STANLEY WITH THE CHILDREN, by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. In this tasteful yet-pleasant volume, with eight together five sermons to children, preached by Dean Stanley, prefaced with a biographical sketch by Mrs. Humphrey and with an introduction by Canon Farrar. Many of our readers know how ardently Dean Stanley loved the children, and devoted himself to pleasing them. The sermons here given are full of exquisite tenderness, and form admirable models for discourses of like character. Canon Farrar says that there was not one sermon in the tract which Dean Stanley which did not contain at least some one bright, and fresh, and memorable thing. Mrs. Humphrey's sketch not only gives us an excellent idea of the man himself, but also tells us many interesting things about the great English public school.

PLEISTOCENE AND EASSEL, by Mary B. Sleigh. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. Dr. Eggleston says: "I do not know that I have ever read—certainly I have not read of late years—a distinctively religious story that pleased me so much as the one from the pen of Miss Sleigh. If I were editing a religious paper, I should count it the greatest good fortune to secure a story so admirable as a work of art, and so excellent in its spirit and teachings." 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, 13 Astor Place, New York.

A capital little volume for the hour is ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA, by George Makropoff. 16mo, with 12 maps. Small 16mo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 50 cents. This little historical hand-book gives a condensed statement of the English Empire in India with its military and political history, the continued southern movement of Russia in Central Asia and its significance, the military resources of Russia, the condition of Afghanistan, and the present status of the controversy between Russia and England. It covers the present controversy between these two great European powers, and enables the reader to have a clearer apprehension of the controversy as it develops.

SHOEMAKERS' DIALOGUES, Entirely New and Original. Edited by Mrs. J. W. Shaw. Philadelphia: Department of the National School of Eloquence and Oratory, Philadelphia. 12mo, \$1.00. For schools and parlor entertainments these short dramatic dialogues seem well adapted. They have been apparently carefully edited by the lady whose name endorses the work, and the absence of all coarseness and vulgarity is assured. The demand for such works by reading clubs is very large in our day.

Few books for children have had the immense success of those written by Mrs. Alden (Pansy). The publishers state that 100,000 copies are sold annually. She has just issued from the press of D. Lothrop & Co., CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS. It is a model Sunday-school book for young readers—a charming story carrying its own wholesome lessons with its natural incidents. Hundreds of young eyes will brighten over its lively pages, and a lasting impression for truth and piety will be left behind.

IN THE WOODS AND OUT, by Pansy. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. In the score or more of short stories which make up this volume Pansy is at her best. She never writes for the mere sake of filling up, but always, in the briefest and most effective way, has something worth telling and worth remembering.

GERTRUDE'S DIARY, by Pansy. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 60 cents. A new book by Pansy is always hailed with delight. Gertrude is a girl of fifteen, wide awake, full of life, generally good-tempered, and yet with as many faults as most girls of her age have; faults which arise more from thoughtlessness than from intent. She is one of four who agree to keep diaries, in accordance with a suggestion made by their Sunday-school teacher, and in the record of their daily life, good and bad times, her trials and her triumphs. Aside from its interest, it contains suggestions which cannot fail to make an impression upon the mind of any young girl who reads it, and to strengthen her in like temptations and under the same conditions.

John B. Alden, New York, issues in a neat and cheap form, THE WIT AND WISDOM OF E. BULWER LYTON, compiled by C. L. Bonney. 12mo, 264 pp. One would hardly expect to find, embodied in fiction, so much of the best of pure gold. From the numerous works of Bulwer a rich collection of bright, sensible, inspiring, suggestive and instructive quotations have been gathered. It makes a pleasant book to take up in idle moments, or to consult for reference.

NEW MUSIC. From Russell Brothers, Boston: R. Russell & Co. Library—Give Peace, O Lord; Heaven is Our Home; Golden Gates; The Wicked Nephew; Jack and Jill; The Wagon; St. Sacramento.

THE RISE OF INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY, FROM THALES TO COPERNICUS, by Frederic May Holland. This portable volume comes to us from the hands of Henry Holt & Co., well printed, on good paper, and in every way an attractive book. Serious students of the subject will find it is by no means heavy reading. Its great variety of facts are well arranged, while the careful summaries and conclusions give it complete continuity by their excellent method. A noticeable candor of treatment gives these facts authority and weight, and Mr. Holland carries so warm an interest of his own into his subject, that he rouses enthusiasm in his readers. As he well says in his opening chapter: "That the earth is brighter and richer to-day than it was then, is largely due to men and women who toiled and died to stir up mental activity and encourage individuality;" and these men and women are handled with honest but tender care. Perhaps the chapters on the Templars, on Dante, and on the Mystics are among the best, but it is difficult to select when all about in interest and value. As Mr. Holland concludes with these beautiful words: "There is no more danger of the return of the dark ages than of the relapse of New England into Indian hunting grounds or the revival of the ichthyosaurus and mastodon."

Geo. Whitaker.

Children's Day.

thanks to the friends at Bellows Falls for their kind hospitality, to the railroads for favors, etc., which was adopted.

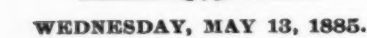
Voted to adjourn to meet at 2 o'clock. A prayer-meeting at 1.30 o'clock was announced. The doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced by W. J. Klälder.

—

At 1.30 P. M. a service of prayer was led by A. Hitchcock. At 2 o'clock the Bishop took the chair, when the journal was read and approved.

The Bishop then called the names of the effective elders, who were not present at the first call, and they reported their collections.

J. M. Pascoe was given a supernumerary re-



The Family.

CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN.

BY REV. F. C. BARNES.

JOHN 12.

They told all through that weary night,
And lo! they nothing caught.
But soon the dawn of morning light
Divine assistance brought.
They knew not that it was their Lord,
When first He them did greet,
And calling gently from the shore,
Asked if they'd any meat.

But soon across the rolling waves
Came words from those blest lips:
"Try once again, and drop the net
The right side of the ship."
They did according to His word,
And there received their wish.
No sooner was the net cast forth,
Than it was full of fish.

And then they knew that it was He
Who spoke to them those words;
And Simon leaped into the sea,
That he might reach his Lord.
The rest came in on one small ship,
For they were near the land,
And gathered round their risen Lord,
A wondrous happy band.

They found a fire already lit,
And fish upon it laid;
And bringing what they had caught,
A royal feast they made.
The meal was ended; thanks were given
By Him who graciously had fed;
Then turning Him to Peter, thrice
Addressed him in these words:

"O Simon Peter, lo! I tell thee now,
And Peter humbly said,
"My Lord, thou know'st I love Thee."
"Then feed my lambs," He said.
And pointed out in loving words
So plain before His eye,
What he must suffer for His Lord—
The death that he should die.

Then Peter, seeing John stand by,
Who leaned upon His breast,
Whom Jesus, though He loved them all,
Yet loved above the rest;
Said, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"
And Jesus mildly said:
"Ab, Peter, what is that to thee?
Just follow Me," He said.

O Lord, Thy word to us has come,
And told us to go forth,
And bring the wandering sinner home,
Thou by Thy blood hast bought.
We drop the line, yet not for fish,
But for the precious soul;
The bait we use is Thine own word,
The rod, the gospel pole.
We've toiled all day and little caught;
The night is coming on,
And we are sore cast down at heart,
And have so little done.

O Lord, endue us with Thy grace,
Speak to us from the lip,
That we may cast the net next time,
The right side of the ship!
And when we fall, our labor done,
Beneath Thy hand, O God,
Then take the fishers and the fish
To Thy divine abode!

Norwich, Conn.

LETTER FROM ROME.

BY REV. J. H. ALLEN.

To spend a few days in Rome, is like
rambling an hour in Central Park, New
York—just long enough to begin to en-
joy it. There are so many and varied
fields of interest, that a week—the
time the average American traveler
gives to Rome—suffices for a bare out-
line; and if he adds a week or two more,
he often goes away aggravated that so
much has been left undone. Churches,
museums and galleries with rare treas-
ures of art can consume a week of time
with profit to the traveler. But there
are ruins of altars and temples and
palaces with their interesting history
that must not be passed by. Then one
would like to spend a little time around
those fountains shaded by pines and
palms, and take a few glimpses of those
villas just outside of the walls, so elab-
orately laid out and ornamented with
works of art.

No other city combines so much im-
portant secular and ecclesiastical history.
Even Jerusalem, forever hallowed
by the work and death of the Son of
Man, has no such background on which
to paint the colors of her sacred story.
Here was the centre of that system,
unique in the history of nations for its
unity and compactness, yet elastic
enough to receive into its bosom every
element of the known world. Here
came the Jews as captives to adorn a
triumph. Their posterity still dwell at
Rome, restricted as of old to a certain
quarter of the city, though now occupying
both sides of the Tiber. The arch of
Titus carries us back to their early
history, as we plainly see wrought upon
it the table of shewbread and the golden
candelstick. What was done to glorify
the Romans, serves to-day as an impor-
tant historical witness of Biblical
truth.

What a charm and reality, too, in
reading here the pages of Livy and Gib-
bon, of Milman and Merivale. Ancient
history seems to have made rapid strides
toward modern times as we reread these
volumes in view of temples and altars
and churches and triumphal arches. The
old and the new come together by the
perpetuation of phrases and customs
which at times seem amusing. One
smiles as he reads those famous letters
on water carts, and even on the caps of
street sweepers, S. P. Q. R. (the Senate
and Roman People), or as he goes to a
news-stand and sees a daily paper
named *Forche Caudine*, the one perpet-
uating the symbol of the ancient civic
power and the other the name of a bat-
tle where Rome met the most stubborn
foe she found on Italian soil.

The tradesman in selling a few *solidi* worth
of cherries or plums is careful to weigh
them out. If one could only believe
that was the result of twenty-five cen-
turies of training, under the charm of
that old word *justitia*, he might at least
see one point of moral connection be-
tween the ancient city and the Rome of
to-day.

Of course we must go to St. Peter's,
and see its glories. As we approached the
great basilica, we recalled the words of
our former instructor, Dean Latimer of
Boston University: "St. Peter's a little
way off has the appearance of a great
flat mass of buildings." And so it ap-
peared on that beautiful day in June
when we first visited it. The interior,

however, is beautiful and imposing. Yet
one misses here the illuminated win-
dows such as we see at Oxford and Lon-
don and Westminster. These lower lat-
itudes are noted for fine coloring and
great picturesqueness; yet one who has
seen the skill in design and brilliant col-
oring in the west window at the chapel
in New College, Oxford, will go through
many an art centre before he loses the
impression of that superb work.

The most attractive church to me in
Rome—attractive for study and reflec-
tion—is St. Mary Maggiore. It best
preserves the form of the ancient ba-
silica. One can sit there and natural-
ly muse over the times when those courts
of justice were turned into Christian
churches—a symbol of the transforma-
tion of pagan society into Christian
civilization. The elaborately carved
ceiling is gilt with what is said to be the
"first gold brought to Spain from South
America, presented to Alexander VI. by
Ferdinand and Isabella." On the walls
are mosaics a thousand years old, and
so well preserved that one can read Old
Testament history in these pictures of
art or look within a little chapel and see
the painting of Madonna and child tradi-
tionally ascribed to St. Luke. And
though we may not believe the tradi-
tion, it is a delight to look upon that fa-
mous work of antiquity. These are a
few of the objects which come bringing
down past ages in forms that charm, yet
awaken our sympathy, which sends us
after new facts till knotty questions
arise and we forget that we are in a
beautiful church and not in our study
thousands of miles away.

Unless we are alive to our opportuni-
ties, we shall miss many treasures in
these humble churches. We may delight
to walk in the Corso and see the fine
jeweled windows and look at the splen-
did "turnouts" in the cool of the day,
and forget the church of San Lorenzo in
Lucina that contains Guido's cele-
brated painting of the Crucifixion. Or
we may walk night after night from the
Pincio to the church of Trinita del
Monte and watch for a beautiful Italian
sunset, and not once think of entering
this church which contains the "Des-
cent from the Cross," by De Volterra,
and which once thought of entering
this church which contains the "Des-
cent from the Cross," by De Volterra,
and which once thought of entering

the third great painting of the world.
But how can one remain three weeks
at Rome without taking some strolls or
rides outside of the walls? Accord-
ingly, one bright morning we take the
steam train and ride twelve miles to
Marino. Another mile takes us to the
Alban Lake. The theory that this lake
occupies the crater of an extinct vol-
cano appears to be well taken. On all
sides we must ascend to reach the lake,
unless we live on the slopes of Monte
Cavo which joins the lake on the east.
We approach it on the western side,
and as we emerge from a heavy forest,
sorrowful to feel the burning heat of
the sun again, the lake suddenly bursts
on our view as we look down several
hundred feet into a great basin. As we
have not time to climb Monte Cavo to
get the highest point for a view, we
will see what we can find by seeking
the lowest level. We have no fears in
making a descent into this crater. Fis-
sures full of steam, sulphurous vapors
and rumblings in the earth, are not here
as they are at Vesuvius. But after
tramping a few hundred feet over weeds
and grass and sometimes soil that looks
much as it does around Pompeii, we
come to olive trees, and soon after other
fruit trees more welcome to us are seen.
Quantities of plums are under them;
apples are beginning to be ripe, and
figs just gathered are offered for sale by
the few inhabitants who dwell on one
of the sides of the lake basin. Nearer
the level of the lake a man is toiling
among wheat sheaves. He tells me the
harvest is good, but as he is using a
piece of cotton sheeting for a floor, and
a small stick gathered from a neighbor-
ing tree for a flail, I conclude that his
wheat-field is not very extensive, other-
wise he will be all summer pounding
on his grain and allowing his golden
fruit to go to waste.

[Concluded next week.]

HIS PURPOSE.

BY MARY G. CROCKER.

"The universe is waiting, I can wait!"
Floats down the voice from some un-
measured place,
Of some dread angel with a shining face
Sent with the message from the peerly gate
To souls that stand impatient, desolate,
And questioning God's love and care and
grace,
Because His purpose moves with slow pace,
Because so blinded seems our human fate.

The universe is waiting His command!
A thousand years are as a day to Him!
There is no child of His but a more dear
Than rolling worlds held in His own right
hand!
His love is sure, altho' our eyes are dim,
And in His noontide splendor all is clear.
Pt. Sully, Dak.

"INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE."

BY REV. JAMES MUDGOS.

It is difficult to write briefly about
Francis of Sales, author of the above-
named book. Wherever known, he is
deeply loved; and they who love him,
wish above all things that he should be
better known.

It has been well said, "All things that
command respect and attract love were
found in Francis—high rank, polish of
manner, gentleness of disposition,
shrewdness of head, vivacity of imagi-
nation, the capacity for profound the-
ological studies, a rare facility in the
use of language, a captivating grace of
manner, an almost unrivaled power as
an educator of souls, activity without
bustle, mortification without sadness.
There appears in his mind that union of
sweetness and strength, of masculine
power and feminine delicacy, of pro-
found knowledge and practical dexter-
ity, which constitute a character formed
at once to win and subdue minds of all
most every type and age."

He was born, the oldest son of one of
the principal nobles of Savoy, in 1567.
At the age of thirty-five he became
Bishop of Geneva, but his residence
was at Annecy. After twenty years full
of holy life and labors in this capacity,
he died, 1622.

In the year 1608 he brought out the
work by which he is best known, "The
Introduction to a Devout Life." It
was drawn up chiefly from letters
which he had written to one who was
under his instruction, and which were
so much admired in manuscript as to
make their publication a necessity. The
book immediately obtained a vast cir-
culation throughout Europe, and its popu-
larity has not waned down to the pres-
ent day.

Dr. Goulburn, himself one of the very
best spiritual writers of the present
time, says: "There is no manual of de-
votion so winning, so attractive, and of
such universal applicability as this. In
profusion of imagery he is a very Jer-
emy Taylor. A man must be either the
victim of inveterate sectarian prejudice,
or a stickler for the most vulgar theo-
logical common-places, or much worse
than either, dead to spiritual emotion,
who can read Francis's treatise without
a drawing of the heart towards its au-
thor, a longing after the devout life
which he recommends, and a desire to
act upon his instructions for lead-
ing it."

The few extracts that follow from
this inimitable book will, we hope, whet
the reader's appetite so much that he
will procure the whole:—

"It is not without reason that our Saviour
called Himself the bread that came down
from heaven; for as bread is to be eaten with
all sorts of meat, so our Saviour should be
the subject of our meditation, consideration,
and imitation in all our prayers and actions."

"If when you suffer loss of goods, you find
your heart disconsolate, believe me, you have
too great an affection for them; for nothing
can be a stronger proof thereof than your affec-
tion for their loss."

"That work is never well executed which
is done with too much eagerness and hurry.
We perform our actions soon enough when
we perform them well."

"Look not the temptation in the face, but
look only on our Lord; for if you look at
the temptation especially while it is strong, it
may shake your courage. Divert your thoughts
to some good and pious reflections, for when
good thoughts occupy your heart, they will
drive away every temptation and suggestion."

"Generous minds do not amuse themselves
about the petty toys of rank, honor, and salu-
tation; they have other things to perform;
such haubles belong only to degenerate spir-
its."

"We must not fear lest the knowledge of
His gifts make us proud, so long as we attend
to this truth, that whatsoever there is of good
in us is not from ourselves. Do not cease
to be disquieted, because they are laden
with the precious and perfumed goods of the
grace."

"Borrow empty vessels not a few, said
Rishu to the poor widow, and pour oil into
them. To receive the grace of God into our
hearts, they must be emptied of vain glory.
We call that glory vain, which we ascribe
to ourselves, either for what is not in us, or
for what is in us and belongs to us, but deserves
not that we should glory in it."

"When you hear any one spoken ill of,
make the question doubtful if you can do
it justly; if you cannot, excuse the intention
of the party accused; if that cannot be done,
express a compassion for him, and change the
topic of conversation, remembering yourself,
and putting the company in mind that they
who do not fall owe their happiness to God
alone; recall the detractor to himself with
meekness, and declare some good action of
the party offended, if you know any."

"It was the advice of St. Louis, in order to
avoid contention, not to contradict any one
in discourse, unless it were either sinful or
prejudicial to acquiescence to him. But should
it be necessary to contradict any one or op-
pose our own opinion to his, we must do so
with much mildness and dexterity, so as not
to irritate his temper; for nothing is ever
gained by harshness and violence."

"To be despised, reprehended, or accused
by wicked men, is no pleasant to a man of
good heart; but to suffer blame and ill treat-
ment from the virtuous or from our friends
and relations, is the test of true patience."

"When any evil befalls you, apply the
remedies that may be in your power, agree-
ably to the will of God; for to act otherwise
would be to tempt divine Providence. Having
done this, wait with resignation for the success
it may please God to send; and should the
remedy overcome the evil, return Him
thanks with humility; but if on the contrary,
the evil overcomes the remedies, bless Him
with patience."

"Complain as little as possible of the
wrong you suffer; for, commonly speaking,
he that complains sins, because self-love mag-
nifies the injuries we suffer, and makes us be-
lieve them greater than they really are."

"Begin all your prayers whether mental or
vocal, with a lively sense of the presence of God."

"One may extract good thoughts and holy
aspirations from everything that presents it-
self amidst the variety of this mortal life.
Unhappy they who withdraw the treasures
from their Creator, to make them the instru-
ment of sin; thrice happy they that turn the
creatures to the glory of their Creator, and
employ them to the honor of their Sovereign."

"Gather daily a little mosaic of devotion.
One who has been walking in a beautiful gar-
den departs not willingly without gathering a
few flowers to smelt during the remainder of
the day; thus ought we when our soul has
been entertaining itself by meditating on some
mystery, to select one, two, or three, of those
points in which we have found most reli-
ous, and which are most proper for our ad-
vancement, to think frequently on them, and
smell them, as it were, spiritually during the
course of the day."

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

BY S. M. PALMER.

A fine calla lily in my room is as sug-
gestive of the Saviour's allusion to the
lilies as a field of them in the summer.
On this twenty-third day of December,
it is half expanded into a flower of
creamy whiteness, and is almost as
beautiful as when fully developed. It
has been for weeks an inspiration, as
the bud has slowly turned to a blossom,
and is now as slowly opening to a fall-
blown flower.

What patient continuance of growth,

teaching patient continuance in well-
doing! Its rare beauty at this unsea-
sonable time of year, is like the comely
Christian growing well in untoward
circumstances; for did not our Lord
say, "Consider the lilies, how they grow?"

This calla could not exist without ar-
tificial protection, heat, and nutriment;
no more can the Christian without the
rays of the Sun of Righteousness im-
parting light, and heat, and spiritual
food. The work of grace in our souls
is very mysterious, and quite beyond
our comprehension; but perhaps no
more so than the operations of nature
going on all around us. It is quite be-
yond my understanding how the lily
raises to its farthest extremity water,
and its proper food, and just how and
where the minute particles are added to
enlarge its growth, but I cannot doubt
my eyes as it lengthens, and spreads,
and blooms; and no more can I "the
light of the glorious Gospel of Christ."

We do not often consider the works
of nature. "For the invisible things of
God from the creation of the world are
clearly seen, being understood by the
things that have been made, even His eternal
power and Godhead." My calla has had
good care and constant attention, and
responds to it all, as nature always does,
and never fails. Exposure to a low tem-
perature would utterly kill it, neglect
would surely dwarf its growth and
spoil its beauty. But, alas! how much
neglect our spiritual life must bear! Is
it any wonder that many are weak and
sickly among us, and that, also, many
sleep or are altogether dead?

We have quite too few examples of
the most perfect Christianity that is
possible. Thank God there are those
who like Paul "count all things but loss
for the excellency of the knowledge of
Christ Jesus our Lord." With the best
possible spiritual culture, the power of
God in the soul is a glorious manifesta-
tion to the children of men.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

THEIR COST.

How cheap are the things which are bought
and sold.
The beautiful things which the hands can
hold,
Whatever is purchased with silver and gold.

The merchants are calling and filling their
rooms of the things which the hands can
hold,
With jewels and lace and rarest perfumes,
And wonderful treasures from the Indian looms.

The price of the treasures is small, as they
say;
For dollars and cents, are exchanged every
day.
The furs of the North-land, the silks of
Cathay.

But, oh! the rare things which can never
be bought
From the far-away countries, but still must
be sought
Through working and waiting and anguish
of thought!

The patience that comes to the heart, as it
tries
To bear, through all discord and turbulent
cries,
The songs of the armies that march to the
skies;

The courage that fails not, nor loses its
breath
In the midst of the battle, but smilingly saith,
"I'll measure my strength with disaster and
death!"

The love that through doubting and pain
will increase;
The longing and restlessness, calmed into
peace,
That is perfect and satisfied, never to cease—
These, these are the dear things. No king
can buy them away from the poor and un-
known.

Who make them, through labor or anguish,
their own.
—Mrs. ELLEN M. H. GATES, in *Examiner*.

The Little Folks.

THE A. S. D., OR JOHN RYAN'S
SALOON.

BY EMMA W. BUNSTED.

"Hallo! What's up now?" said Ned
Walton, as he turned the corner and
saw a crowd of boys and men at a little
distance. "I say, Hal, let's go and
see."

So saying, they rushed off and were
just in time to hear angry words, inter-
mingled with oaths, as an infuriated
driver was beating his poor horse who
was unable to drag the overloaded wagon
up the hill.

"Cruel! Outrageous!" exclaimed
the indignant bystanders.
They soon perceived that the man had
gone to his head. Every once in a while
the horse would turn and look at his
master as much as to say, "I would if
I could." Both Ned and Hal belonged to
the Band of Mercy and wore the
badge, though Hal's older brother had
ceased him unmercifully about it, say-
ing he never could do any good. But
Hal meant to keep his eyes open, and he
was just the opportunity, so he called to
Ned and some of the other boys who
stood near:—

"I say, boys, that horse can never
draw that load up the hill. Let's take
hold and help him."

"Hurrah! Here goes the wagon!"
Get up, old horse, we'll help you,"
shouted the boys as they rushed to the
wagon and began pushing, shouting
and laughing all the way up. They ar-
rived at the top breathless, and looking
back saw the driver half way up the
hill, panting as he called to them, —
"Stop there, you rascals!"

"H'm! He might at least thank us.
I suppose he thinks we are going to
run away with the horse. Poor old
horse!" said Hal, as he smoothed his
mane and patted him.

"Let the horse alone! What are you
doing with him?" said the man as he
came near.

"I say, mister," said Ned, "you'd
better look out for you belong to the
Band of Mercy, and it's our duty to re-
port any cases of cruelty to animals;
and if we see you beating your good old
horse again, we shall report it."

So saying, they turned and walked
away, leaving the man standing and
staring at them.

"I shouldn't want to live in the same
house with that man. Ough! did you
smell his breath?"

"Yes," replied Ned. "I suppose he
got the liquor at John Ryan's. It's the
worst corner in town. I wonder if he
has a wife and children? I pity
them if he has."

"Look here, Ned! Why don't we
strike at the root and try and get the
old saloon out of the way? Then there
wouldn't be such cases of cruelty."

"I tell you what, Hal! Let's orga-
nize a separate division of the Band of
Mercy and call it the A. S. D.—Anti-
Saloon Division—and see if we can't
get the old saloon away."

"I just wish it would burn down
some night," said Ned.

"Well, we won't burn it, but we'll do
something," said Hal, as they parted at
his gate and he slowly turned and went
into the house.

"What makes Hal so quiet?" asked
his brother during the evening.

"I guess he's got his thinking cap
on," replied his mother.

"By the way, Hal, I saw you push-
ing a wagon up the hill to-day. What'd
you do it for?"

"The man was beating his horse
fearfully, and we boys thought it was
too bad, and," with a twinkle in his
eye, "I belong to a society, so I thought
I'd do something."

"Oh, oh! So that's it, is it? Well,
keep on, and perhaps you'd do something
yet one of these days."

"Yes, I mean to," replied Hal, nothing
daunted.

Hal lay awake nearly all night think-
ing, and at last hit on a plan which so
delighted him that he came near cheer-
ing and rousing the whole house, but
checking himself, he performed some
gymnastic antics which finally quieted
him, and he fell asleep.

The next morning he confided his
secret to Ned amid such ejaculations as,
"Hush! don't say a word!" "O Hal!
it's stupendously grand!"

"What?" exclaimed several boys.
"Oh! our new society. Want to
join?"

"What is it?"
"We are going to call it the A. S. D."
"What's that?"
"Why, Anti-Saloon Division. You
see we want to get rid of old Ryan's
saloon, and we mean business."

"All right, then, I'm your man."
Before long every boy and girl in the
place belonged to the society, and the
mysterious letters were printed on blue
badges and conspicuously worn. All
attempts to find out the secret were
futile. Something was on foot—but
what? Groups of children were de-
scribed conversing, but at the approach of
older brothers and sisters there was an
ominous silence and scattering. Mem-
bers of the A. S. D. held secret sessions
with the selectmen, and came away
with full possession of the Town Hall,
and suspicious looking bundles dis-
appeared within. Every one was busy
conjecturing, but never was a secret
society guarded with like vigilance.

Some large placards were posted on
convenient corners with the following
notice:—
"A. S. D. Come and see. Town
Hall, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Ad-
mission, 10 cents."

When Wednesday evening came, the
hall was crowded almost to suffocation.
Around the walls were mottoes of all
kinds, such as, "Vote no license."
"Down with the saloon." "Save the
boys." "Never touch a single drop."

Precisely at half past seven an am-
ateur band struck up the tune "Hail
Columbia," and then the curtain was
drawn and displayed the representation
of two rooms: One a saloon, brilliantly
lighted, with bar and bottles. At one
side was a billiard table where two or
three boys were playing, while Ned
stood behind the bar in the act of pour-
ing out liquor. The other represented
a drunkard's home—bare floor, broken
chairs, rusty stove, a few broken and
cracked dishes heaped together on a
table covered with a soiled cloth, while
a poor, broken-hearted woman sat rock-
ing a puny child, and two or three
ragged children played on the floor.

Then one and another of the children
came forward, and in touching words
and recitations told of the misery of
drunkenness, and the temptations put
in their way by the saloon; and as the
interest deepened, a hush fell on the
audience as they realized the danger
and saw in imagination their boy or girl
in the place of those represented in the
scene.

Then Hal came to the front, and in a
manly tone said:—
"Fathers, mothers, friends: We have
shown you the meaning of our letters—
Anti-Saloon Division. The saloon must
go, for it is cursing our town, and we
are in danger. Only last week a boy
came out reeling, and a father went
home and beat his wife and children
till they fled to the neighbors for help.
"Mothers, fathers, which of us would
be willing in the drunkard's ranks to
see?" We, your children, plead with
you for our sakes, and the sake of the
children who have drunken parents, to
shut this saloon. This is what we
called you here to-night for."

Then as the band played, the audience
quietly and thoughtfully dispersed. The
next day a warrant was issued to arrest
the saloon-keeper for violating his li-
cense, and he was held in bail for
\$1,000; and as no one offered to assume
it, he was confined in jail.

The following week when the case
came up, the jury brought in a verdict
of guilty, and the judge sentenced him
to three months' imprisonment.

"O Ned!" said Hal, later in the day
as they were rejecting over the victory.
"John Ryan must go, for he can't get
another license; but the evil is only half
remedied, for he will go somewhere
else, and some other boys and men will
be tempted. What can be done?"

"I don't see, unless the State and
nation take it in hand. I'm an out-and-
out prohibitionist from this day. You
wait till I can vote."

"Yes, and meanwhile Ryan will set
up somewhere else."

"But you can't help it, Hal, so I
won't feel so bad over it."

"Well, I mean to help it somehow.
Where there's a will, there's a way."

I've got the will, and I will find the
way."

"All right! I'll help you when you
find it," said Ned.

And Hal found it. Soon little bou-
quets of flowers with a text of Scrip-
ture found their way into the saloon-
keeper's cell; a St. Nicholas or other
interesting reading, with occasionally a
glass of jelly or dainty prepared by

injuries which hastened his death. He
remarked to an attendant, "The end of life
attended with much of suffering;" then pau

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